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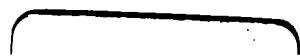
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By
Walter Scott
Thomas Campbell.



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F H O P E.

CLL.

S, AND HARRISON WEIR.





THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

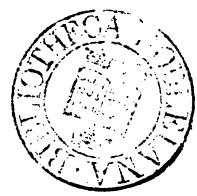
ILLUSTRATED BY BIRKET FOSTER, GEORGE THOMAS, AND HARRISON WEIR.



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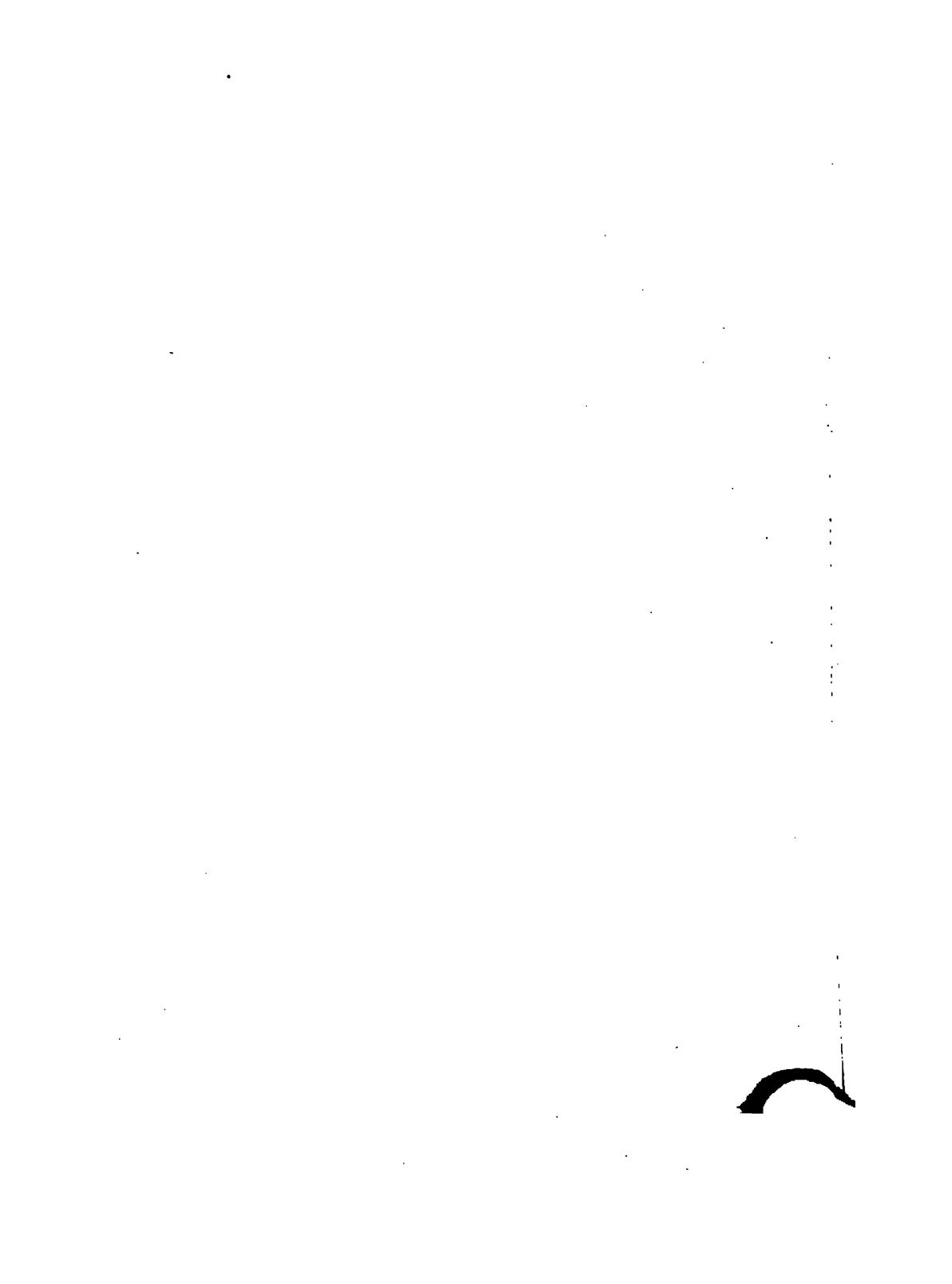
Engraved by EDMUND EVANS, HORACE HARRAL, WILLIAM MEASOM, W. T. GREEN,
JAMES COOPER, THOMAS BOLTON, and J. GREENAWAY.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate.—The influence of anticipation upon the passions is next delineated. An allusion is made to the well-known fictitious Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind.—The consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress.—The seaman on his midnight watch.—The soldier marching into battle.—Allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste.—Domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness.—Picture of a mother watching over her infant when asleep.—Pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to the prospects of political improvement in the future state of society.—The field that is yet open for the progress of humanising arts among uncivilised nations.—From these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence.—Description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague.—Apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement.—The wrongs of Africa.—The barbarous policy of Europeans in India.—Prophecy in the Hindu mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of the race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.







THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

AT summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky ?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?—

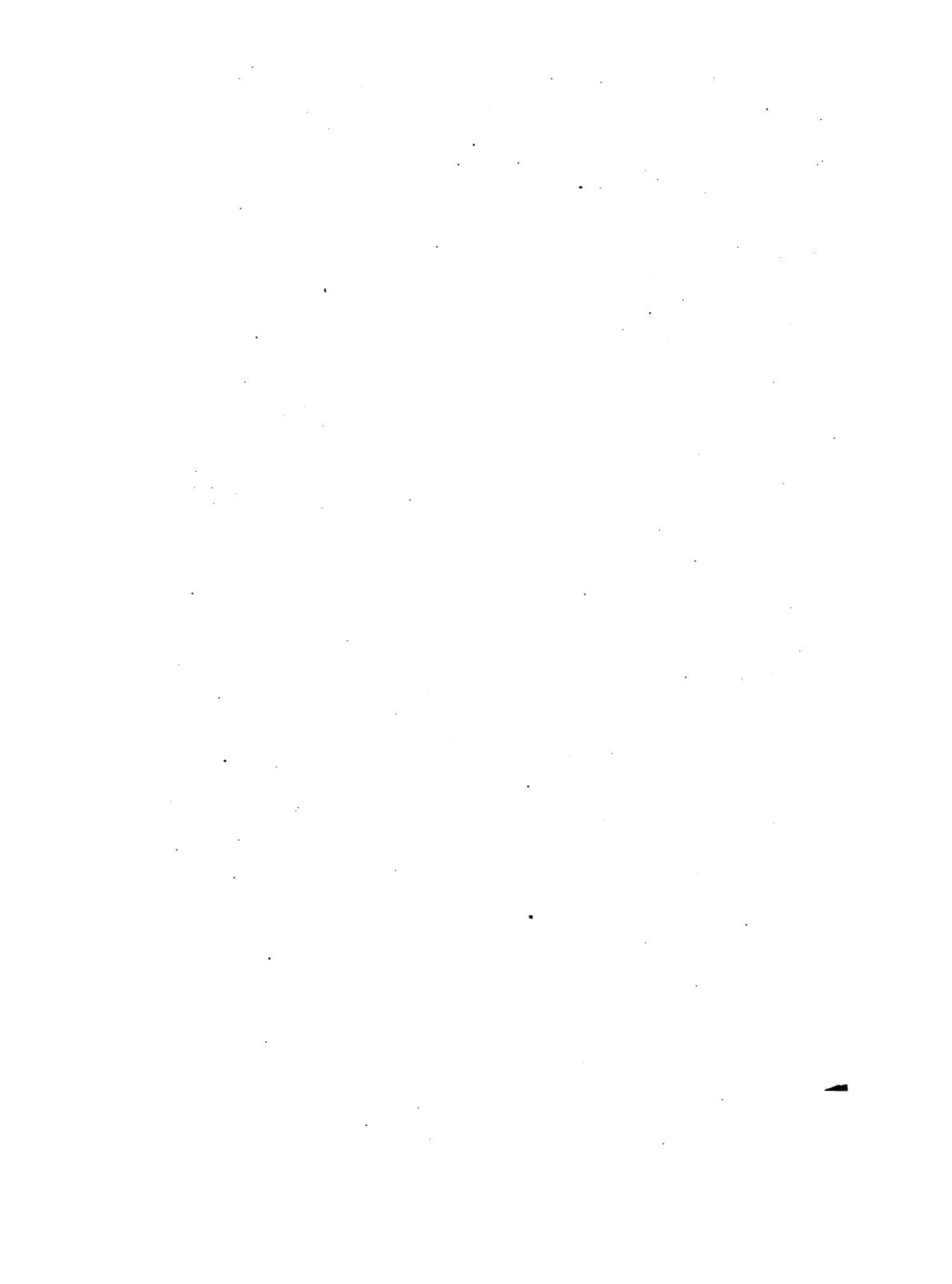
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way ;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span ;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope ! resides the heav'nly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play :
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aönian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay ;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below ;



1

2

When Murder bar'd its arm, and rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car ;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again ;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height, to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropp'd on the world—a sacred gift to man.



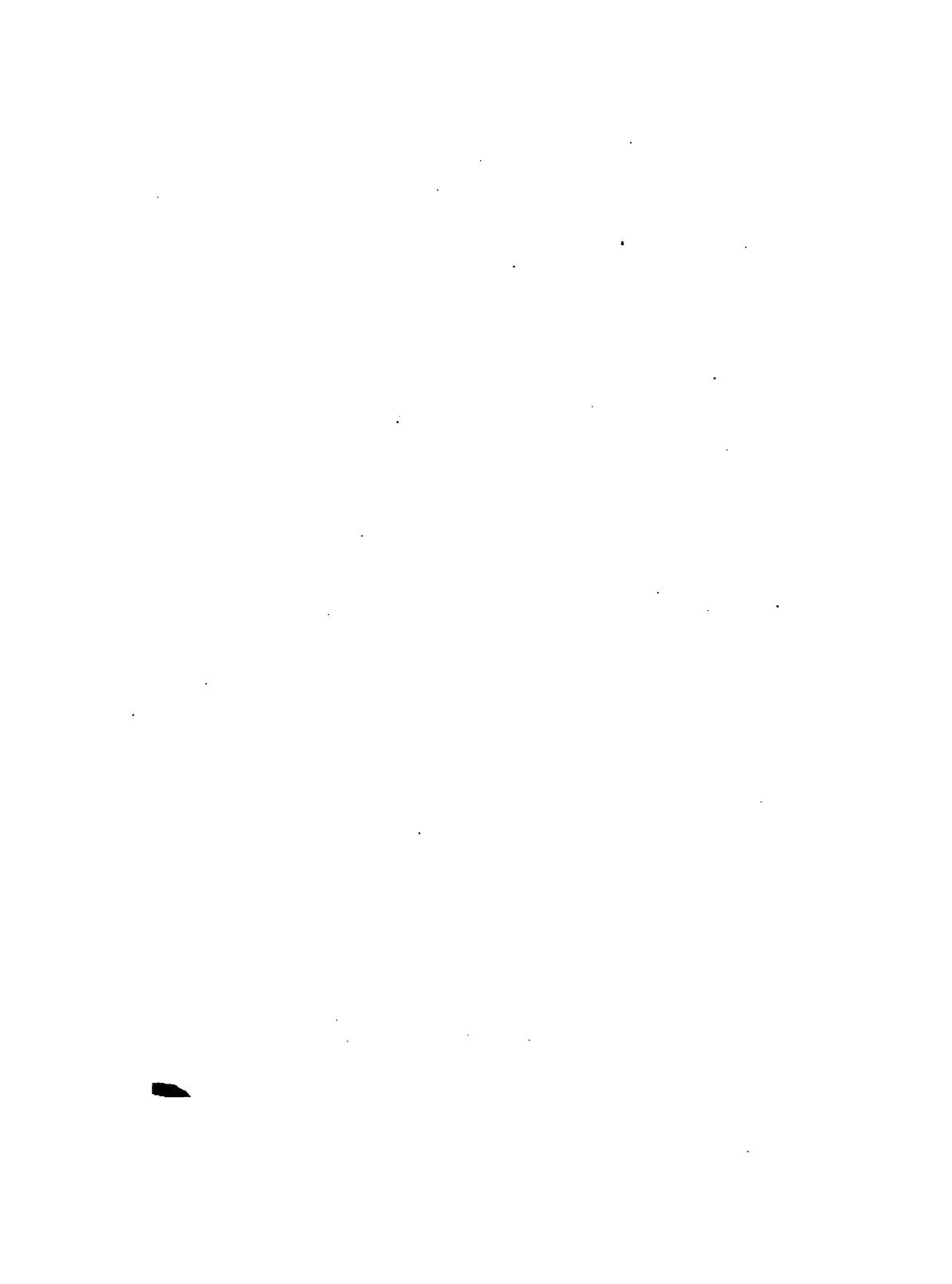
Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe :
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;

There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !
What viewless forms th' *Æolian* organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away !

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo ! to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;



Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,



With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay ;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul :
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil ;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.—¹
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form ;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,
The moon's pale planet and the northern star ;
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer worl'd, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend !²



Congenial Hope ! thy passion-kindling pow'r,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.



“ Go, Child of Heaven ! (thy winged words proclaim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame !
Lo ! Newton, Priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star !

Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye ?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.³

“ The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bow'rs,⁴
His winged insects, and his rosy flow'rs ;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'lers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

“ Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime ;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye
The lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage :
‘ Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man ? ’

“ Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh :
Hark ! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Rang'd on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,⁵
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

“ Belov’d of Heav’n ! the smiling muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin’d,
And breathe a holy madness o’er thy mind.



I see thee roam her guardian pow’r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ;

Inquire of guilty wand'lers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name ;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“ When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love and walks of tender joy ;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;
While Beauty's deeply pictur'd smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“ Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream ;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile ;—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the Joy of Grief ?

“ Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv'n,
And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heav'n ;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mus'd on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.⁶
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth ;
Feels thy dread pow'r another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord



True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,



Blaz'd through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star:
So, heav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Pow'r! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—

Oh there, prophetic Hope ! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more ;
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flow'rs his little field,



And call from Heav'n propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath ;





Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“ Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy :
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree ;
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near ?
Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ? ”

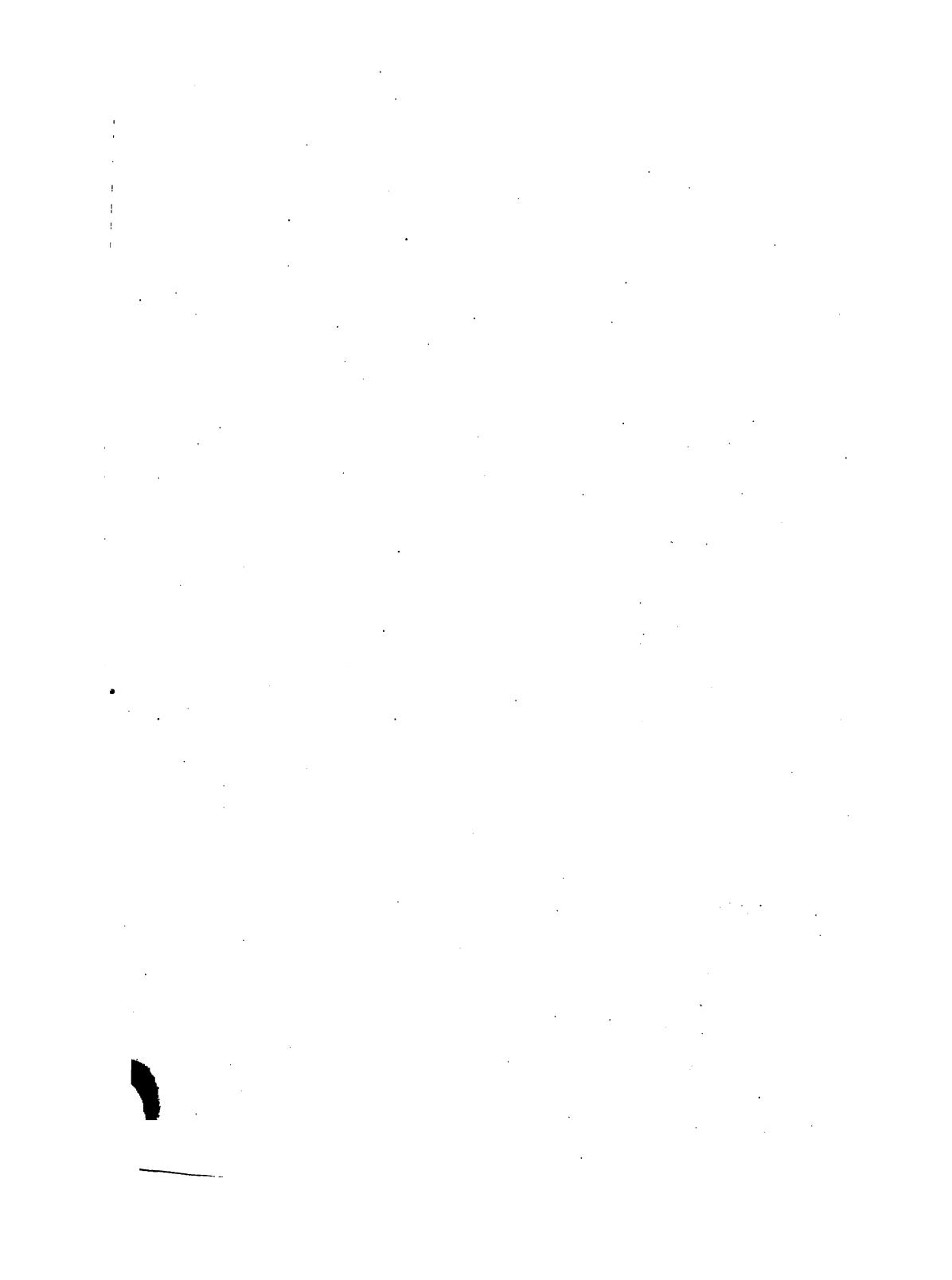
So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;

But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmur'ring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,



Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile !
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !





Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,
Smile at his blazing hearth and social board ;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze :
Poor widow'd wretch ! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain ;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow ;—
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,